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SUSTAINING

UNCLE SAM'S FOREST RANGERS #123

11:30 to 12:30 P.M.

OCTOBER 26, 1932

FRIDAY

ANNOUNCER: "Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers."

ORCHESTRA: Quartet: RANGER SONG

ANNOUNCER: Again, folks, we visit the National Forest where the veteran Ranger, Jim Robbins, and his young assistant, Jerry Quirk, protect the forest resources for the public good. They are there to see that a greedy few do not ruin the forest resources at the expense of the rest of the people of the United States. They work to keep their district free from fires; their ranges free from overgrazing and misuse. They live and work for the forests - these rangers - and it makes them mighty happy to see their districts green and growing and timber and grass; and it makes them pretty sad to see the tall trees crumble before the hot breath of a monster fire, set by the carelessness of some visitor who unknowingly tossed his cigarette into the brush or leaves or by some negligent camper who fails to put out his campfire before he leaves. You will recall that on the beef round-up on the Pine Cone District the other day some of the cowboys found evidence that rustlers were working on the range. Well, the cattlemen have been trying to track down the persons stealing their stock, so let's see what's happened. We're turning back two clock a bit - it's in the middle of the night - and here we are at the Pine Cone Ranger station:

(DOG BARKING IN DISTANCE)

DESS: (WHISPERS) Jim -- Jim -- Are you asleep? -- Jim -- Come up --
JIM: Huh -- uh -- (YAWNS) -- Huh --

BESS: Jim -- Wake up -- quick.

JIM: Huh -- (YAWNS) -- Wha-what all the excitement this time of the night--What's the matter, Bess--?

(DOG BARKS)

BESS: Listen--Hear Rex barking--?

JIM: Sure I hear him--

BESS: Well I think something's wrong--I think someone's trying to break into the Ranger station.

JIM: Huh--(YAWNS) Probably someone just passing down the road--

BESS: But listen, Jim--the way Rex is barking. He doesn't bark like that when somebody's just going by.

JIM: All right, I'll look around--where's my slippers?

BESS: Here--right where you left them -- under the chair --

JIM: Hmmm--so they are.

BESS: Jim, do be careful now--

JIM: I'll make a look out of the window first--I see a dime and a dollar Rex is just barking at someone walking up the road--
(SOUND OF PULLING UP WINDOW) (SOUND OF HORSES OFF)

JIM: Hmm, Horses--sounds like four or five of 'em, maybe.

BESS: Who can they be?

JIM: Hmm--they're coming in here--looks like that's four or five.

BESS: Land sakes, what do they want this time of night--

JIM: What time is it?

BESS: I don't know. It must be past midnight.

JIM: Is it? Seems like I've only been asleep about fifteen minutes--

BESS: Well, don't let them see you sticking your nose out of the window--

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Way not, it's my head--and my window--
(DOG BARKING--HEAVY KNOCKING ON DOOR)

BESS: They're knocking at the door, Jim.

JIM: Yep.

JERRY: (OFF) Jim--Hey, Jim--

JIM: (CALLS) Yes Jerry--

JERRY: (OFF) Somebody's at the door--want me to answer it?

JIM: All right Jerry--I'll be right in--

BESS: Jim, find out who they are and what they want before you open the door.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) All right Bess--good idea--

(PAUSE)

(SOUND OF KNOCKING ON DOOR)

JIM: (CALLS) Who is it?

FRANK: (OUTSIDE) It's Frank Thompson and --

JIM: Well, (OPENING DOOR) Hello Frank--hurry boys--what's up?

FRANK: (RATHER EXCITEDLY) Well, Jim, I reckon we've just about
ketches up with them cattle rustlers.

JIM: That so? Who are they?

FRANK: Well, it's a long story--

JIM: It is, huh--anybody got a match?

FRANK: Sure.

JIM: That's the stuff--Jerry, get a lamp will you?

JERRY: Right away, Jim.

SAM: We ain't aimin' to creak up here sleep, Jim--

JIM: You ain't? (CHUCKLES) Don't worry about that, Sam--
I'm used to it. Let's have the dope--what have you
found out?

FRANK: Jim I think we kin--

SAM: (WITH HIM) If we kin git that--

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Hold on there fellows--better take it
one at a time.

FRANK: Well, if it's all right with you, Sam, I'll do the talkin'.

SAM: (SURLY) Go ahead if yuh wants.

JIM: All right, Frank, shoot--

FRANK: Well, Jim, since we last saw you, we and the boys have been
doin' some scoutin' around huntin' for this onery rustler--

JIM: Yes.

FRANK: And Sam here went to Willow Glen yesterday mornin'--
see?--and he's plumb certain that rustlin' outfit is
headlin' the west from door to door.

SAM: Yessir--and then he and some of the boys came across a gulch--
up by Rattlesnake Jack's--where a truck's been drivin' in
from the highway--we seen the tracks in the grass--

FRANK: I thought I was tellin' this.

SAM: (GRUMPY) Well, go ahead, why dontcha.

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Hold on now--maybe you boys are putting two and
two together and getting six. Anyhow those tracks might have
been made by some wood hauler, you know.

FRANK: Ain't no sock hangin', Jim--we been watchin' the gulch ever since--
no truck ain't passed, but we kin see new tracks--Jiz--I tell
you them rustlin' critters are headlin' at night--

SAM: --And yesterday some of the boys was snoopin' around and found where the meat 'n hocks, n' hide, n' offal was buried of that critter we found butchered at the time o' the beef round-up--

FRANK: I was comin' to that.

SAM: Go ahead then.

JERRY: (LAUGHS) Say--you fellows sure have been playin' detectives the past week--

FRANK: Well, that ain't all either--Them rustlers is gettin' worse-- Today I found a place on the range where the boys was been feedin' on the remains of another butcherin' which them rustlers done--they taken the hind quarters and loins of a nice fat cow and left the rest of the carcass--

SAM: Jim, we're gonna get 'em--that's what--I ain't gonna have no rustler gattin' my cows--

FRANK: Me neither--

JIM: You fellows said y u thought the rustlers did most of their stealing at night--why don't you watch it night and try to catch 'em?

FRANK: That's just why we came here, Jim. We want you to go with us.

JIM: Huh--hold on--what you fellows want is a sheriff. Stealing cattle is a viol' tion of the State law.

FRANK: You know the country better'n anybody around here, Jim. You kin help us a lot. We need all the men we can get.

JIM: You know that range as well as I do, Frank--

JERRY: N' what case if I go, Jim?

FRANK: Sure--sure thing, Jerry--Suppose you come along--

JIM: Well, Jerry sure's up to you--

JERRY: I'll go-- Is you fellows ready?

SAM: Yeah. Let's go--

JERRY: All right--Wait till I get on some clothes--this--
suit ain't very stylish on a westcoat.

SAM: Better be stylish for night ridin', Jerry. (LAUGHS)

JIM: What are you fellows planning to do?

FRANK: We rigged this work that counts around the city where
we need the tracks an' if we don't find nothin' there we'll
comb the range till we find the others, sure.

SAM: We'll find 'im all right--and when we do--

JIM: What about the Sheriff?

FRANK: Well I expect he better round 'im up 'fore we get done.

JERRY: (OFF) I'll be with you in a minute, fellows, soon as I
get Spark saddled up.

VOICES: Hey--Let's go (SOUND OF HORSES AND VOICES OFF)

(PAUSE)

(SOUND OF CLOSING DOOR)

BESS: (OFF) Oh Jim--Jim--

JIM: Yes Bees--

BESS: What in the world did those men want?

JIM: Just a bunch of the boys, Bees--they think they're on the
trail of the mailer who's been killing their cattle--

BESS: Oh mercy me!

JERRY: Jerry went with them--He smells an adventure--But he got
me--I'm going back to bed.

(MUSICAL INTERLUDE)

MARY: (OFF) Oh Mrs. Robbins--You--Hed

BESS: (CALLS) Here we are, Mary--out on the back steps--

MARY: (COMING UP) My--what in the world are you folks doing out here so early in the morning?

JIM: I'm just fixin' to ride, Mary.

MARY: So I see, Mr. Robbins--Uh--hub--Isn't Jerry going with you--

JIM: No--Jerry ain't here.

MARY: Oh, he's already left?

JIM: (WITH MOCK SOLEMNITY) Jerry left the Ranger station very suddenly about one o'clock last night--

MARY: Left here last night--At one o'clock--? (WORRIED) Why--why--what's the matter--?

BESS: Oh Jim why don't you tell her the truth?

MARY: (WORRIED) You--you and Jerry didn't have--a quarrel--did you?

JIM: Nope. (CHUCKLES) I reckon I'd hardly want to pick a quarrel with that boy. He's pretty husky, you know, and--

BESS: (BREAKING IN) Jerry went out with some of the stock men to try to catch a rustler.

MARY: I was afraid that--Did he say when he'd be back?--

JIM: Well, Mary, I thought he'd be back before breakfast--but he hasn't showed up yet.

MARY: Oh, I hope he's all right.

BESS: Jim is just getting ready to ride in on the range--

JIM: Yep--if I come across your best boy friend I'll tell him you're worried about him--

MARY: Don't you do anything of the sort, Mr. Robbins--I--
I didn't exactly say I was worried.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Oh I see--my mistake--I'll tell him you're
not worried, even if the coyotes--or the rustlers--

MARY: (BREAKING IN) Oh no, don't tell him that--

BESS: Jim Robbins--will you stop that teasing--Don't mind him,
Mary--

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Well, anyhow, Mary--I'm going to ride Dolly
up on the range, and I might bump into the cattlemen, and if
they're still hunting for the rustler--now let me get it
straight--what is the message you want me to give him?

MARY: Oh, just tell him I'll wait for him after choir practice
tonight--

JIM: O.K.--Well, Bess--guess I better be going--I don't want to
get away the whole morning--

BESS: Goodbye Jim--I'll be expecting you for supper tonight--

JIM: You bet--

MARY: Goodbye Mr. Robbins--

JIM: Goodbye--Let's go Dolly--(SOUND OF HORSE WALKING)

(PAUSE)

BESS: Jim looks fine sitting there on his horse, doesn't he?

MARY: He certainly does, Mrs. Robbins--Mrs. Robbins, I believe
you're more in love with him than you were the first day you
married him--

BESS: My land, child--what makes you say that?

MARY: Oh I can tell--Oh Mrs. Robbins--I do hope I'll be as happy
as you are if I ever get married--

BESS: I know you will be child, if you--

MARY: Oh, but I mustn't talk like that

(MUSICAL INTERLUDE)

(HORSE WALKING)

JIM: Well, Dolly--this range looks pretty good--yes sir, old girl, it oughta be better than ever next year, if we have a wet spring--what's that you say?--Wanta stop and have a bite, huh? --(CHUCKLES) Whoo, gal--(HORSE STOPS)
Here's somebody comin'

(SOUND OF HORSE COMING UP)

SAM: (OFF) Hi, Jim--what you aain' out here?

JIM: (CALLS) Howdy, Sam--just lockin' thing over, Sam. What you doing out here by yourself?--Thought you'd have those rustlers by you.

SAM: Naw, dad gum it--I ain't seen 'em yet. Maybe the other fellows got 'em, though. I'm huntin' for 'em now--

JIM: I see.

SAM: Wanta ride along? I think the bunch oughta be right over this way--

JIM: All right, Sam. (CHUCKS) Let's go, Dolly. (HORSES START)

SAM: We'll get them dern rustlers, or gum, if I have to ride this range every night from now till Christmas--

JIM: Easy, Sam--you can't maybe do so well when you get mad about it.

SAM: I can't, huh?--Just you wait and see if I ever lay hands on them cattle thieves whether I die do waiting or not--

JIM: What happened after you left the Ranger station last night?

SAM: Love--We'd Frank and Bud join in the woods near the track trail and Jerry went with some of the other boys--Well, it wasn't an hour the truck showed up on the way up to the house--
 JIM: Did you try to stop it--
 SAM: No--I was for shootin' it out right then and there-- but Frank says we should wait till it came back--so we could get evidence--
 JIM: Yes, that was better--
 SAM: Well, we tried to follow it, but we lost it in the dark-- up by Rattlesnake J. M.'s--
 JIM: Well, why didn't you blockade the road?--They had to come back that way--
 SAM: Sure, I know that--We did put a log across and laid out lookers all night--and the dern truck never come back--
 JIM: Didn't return, eh? Well, it must be up there now then--
 SAM: Sure-- We found it all right. At daylight the boys started huntin' for the truck and finally we found it hid away in a thicket of spruce--
 JIM: Oh huh--
 SAM: But there weren't nobody around--and the truck ain't got no license plates--
 JIM: That looks like they were up to something, all right--
 SAM: Well, if the boys ever catch the dern case--they'll show 'em they ain't foolin'--

JIM: What did you do after you found the truck?

SAW: Jerry and Frank stayed there with the truck and me and Bud and the rest of the boys started out over this range--that's how come I ran into you--The truck's right over there--see?

JIM: Yeah--hmm--something's going on over there--come on, Doll!---(CLUCKS)

(HORSES CHANGE TO GALLOP)

(SOUND OF VOICES, OFF)

VOICE: (OFF) String 'em up!

VOICE: (OFF) Hey--hold on now!

VOICE: How do you feel now Mr. Rustler?

VOICE: Gimme a rope, hold on!

JIM: Whoa, gal - (HORSE STOPS) (SHOUTS) Hi there, boys--
What's going on here?

FRANK: Here's my partner, Jim--the boys is all for stringin' 'em up, right off.

(VOICES)

FRANK: Jerry says we're 'bout to--

JIM: Jerry's right! (LOUDER) Take it easy, boys! There ain't goin' to be any lynching party!

(MURDER OF VOICES)

JERRY: That's what I've been tellin' you, Jim!

JIM: Tee! This is a job for our sheriff! There's the sheriff and his thought can follow. Told us last night you were going after 'em!

FRANK: He wasn't home, Jim.

JERRY: He was down in Willow Glen, Jim. They expected him back today.

JIM: I see. Well, it's his job anyway, now, isn't it? You've got the right man. Are you sure this is the man they was looking for? Your cousin, Frank.

FRANK: Sure he should, Jim. There was another fellow with 'im, but he got away. Some of the boys are out after 'im now.

JIM: Did you catch 'em in the act?

FRANK: Sure, eight-ten and a couple of the boys about up on the automobile's a mile for gearin'. We got the yearlin' right here--see?

SAM: We oughta string 'im up right now, that's what I say.

JIM: Easy, Sam. We've got perfectly good laws in this state to take care of a situation like this, so I expect we'll just catch this man and the evidence down to the sheriff and let 'em handle it.

SAM: All right--but by gum, we're gonna around and see that we get justice.

(VOICES OFF)

JERRY: (LOW VOICE) Now Jim--have you noticed anything about that fellow?

JIM: No--what do you mean, Jerry?

JERRY: I mean those heavy eyebrows--see how you can't see his eyes, and--

JIM: Yeah? Why?

JERRY: You remember that poster the sheriff had down in his office?--"Wanted?"

JIM: Say--by George, I believe you're right, Jerry--it was the man they called Panhandle Pete, wasn't it?

JERRY: Yeah. It's Panhandle Pete all right.

JIM: (LOUDER) Say Jerry--I reckon the sheriff's goin' to be mighty glad to see this man--

FRANK: How come?

JIM: Looks to me like you boys've rounded up the notorious Panhandle Pete, that's wanted over in the other end of the state for a lot of things--

VOICES: Huh? Panhandle Pete? -- This guy?

JIM: Yep--and I 'spect there's a reward on that'll kinda help pay for some of those cows you boys lost.

(VOICES CHEER - "Let's go" - "Good on" - "We're taking you to the sheriff, Mr. Frontier" -- SOUND OF HORSES)

JERRY: Well, we got the rustler all right, Jim.

JIM: Yep.

JERRY: But this getting up in the middle of the night ain't so good. Believe me, I'm hurting me here early tonight.

JIM: That so? (CHUCKLES) If I ain't mistaken, there's a certain young lady expectin' you to meet her after your practice.

(FADEOUT)

ANNOUNCER: Well now--there'll be no more cattle rustling in the First Law District. Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers will be with us again at some time next Friday. This program is presented by the National Broadcasting Company, with the cooperation of the United States Forest Service.

7:15 AM
Oct 20 1934

